

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...



NO. 6  
SEPT.

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BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



AUTHORITY

10¢



# PIRACY



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# FIT FOR A KING

THE SEA IS NEVER PARTICULAR ABOUT WHERE IT CANTS ITS FURIOUS AND SO, THE HUMAN DERELICT LAY COULDED BEFORE THE HIGH PLACE OF THE ROBBY INN. HE TREMBLED IN HIS SLEEP, AN EYE AND CIVIL HAUNTED HIS DREAMS... AS IF NOW HE COULD SEE THE TALL SAILS BURNING AND HEAR THE BOOM OF THE CANNON. HE EVEN CRIED ALDRO FROM TIME TO TIME. OUTSIDE, A COLD NOVEMBER RAIN DELUGED THE PORT OF PALMOUTH. THE BEAMER WHO CROWDED THE LAGOON AND CANNON WERE RESTLESS AND IMPATIENT WITH THE SQUALL WHICH KEPT THEM INDOORS. ONE OF THEM TURNED TO THE HUMAN DERELICT, PRODDED HIM WITH HIS TOE, AND HELD OUT A TANKARD...

WAKE UP ADAM! COME ON! SPIN US A YARN 'T' PASS THE TIME. TELL US ABOUT HOW YOU SAILD WITH JAMES HAWKINS, THE KING OF PIRATES!

KING? KING? BEN ADENT WAS NO KING! HE WAS A FOOL!



AYE, A FOOL WHO TOOK A KING'S RANSOM IN JEWELS FROM THE GREAT MORGAN. I THINK I WOULD LIKE TO BE SUCH A FOOL...

THINK WHAT YOU LIKE, BUT LEAVE ME BE. I'M SICK. I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER MET WITH ME...



AYE, THAT'S WHAT I NEED! GOLD... TO FILL THE BURNING IN MY LUNGS...

HUT NOT SO FAST, ADAM! FIRST THE TANKARD. THEN MUST BE EARNED! TELL US ABOUT LONG BEN



THE DERELICT ROSE SLOWLY, PAINFULLY  
HIS LONG-SICKNESS HAD WASTED HIS FLESH.  
HIS EYES BURNED.

ALL RIGHT! I'LL FREE YOU ABOUT LONG  
MEN AHEAD! BUT NOT JUST FOR AHEAD! I'LL  
TELL YOU BECAUSE I'VE LEARNED A MAN  
MUST PAY FOR HIS SINS!



"AYE, I DIED WITH AVERY. I WAS THERE WHEN IT ALL BEGAN. I  
KNEW HIM WELL. A MAN WHO KNEW WHAT HE WANTED, AND MEANT  
TO HAVE IT. THE DEVIL TAKE THE PRICE."

WELL, LOOK, WHAT SAY YOU? THE CHOICE IS YOURS!  
A LIFETIME AT SEA WITH NOTHING TO SHOW FOR IT?  
OR GOLD, WINE, WOMEN? WHICH WILL IT BE?



IT BEGAN HERE IN  
ENGLAND, AVERY WAS  
QUARTERMASTER OF  
THE CHARLES. THEN  
HE WAS RESPECTED. A  
MAN WITH A WIFE, A SON  
A HOME. BUT HE FELL  
IT AWAY FOR WHAT?

FOR A  
FORTUNE?

NOT FOR AWEIGHT! HE WON  
HIS FORTUNE! TEN TIMES  
OVER! BUT AT WHAT COST?  
WHEN THE CHARLES' CREW  
SHOULD HAVE BEEN LONG-  
ING ABOARD, HE HAD THEM  
BELOW. LISTENING TO  
TALK OF BUTTERY?

"AND THEY LISTENED WELL. THERE WERE SEVEN-  
TEEN IN THE CHARLES' CREW. SEVENTEEN MEN WHO  
STOOD BY A FORTNIGHT LATER. AND SAW THEIR  
CAPTAIN MURDERED."



BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL! ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED  
OF DIAMONDS, OF RUBIES, OF A MEN'S EGG. EMER-  
ALDS LIKE THIS ONE!



INTO THE HARDS! LAY AHEAD! 'TIS DONE! THE  
CHARGE IS DONE! WE SHALL FOR MISHAGADAN!  
MOVE LIFELY! I WANT SAIL!



"MADAGASCAR! WE'VE SAILED FOR MADAGASCAR FOR THE FREEBOOTERS' PORT OF LORAN, AND ON OUR WAY, THERE WAS A MERCHANTMAN!"



CAPTAIN! SHE PLIES THE ENGLISH FLAG!"

WHAT MATTER? MUST PLAN SHE FLIES? SHE'LL BE FAT WITH SPICES, AND IT'S A LONG VOYAGE TO MADAGASCAR!

BUT SHE'S ENGLISH, LIKE US, CAPTAIN! WE CAN'T...

CAPTAIN! SOUND WHO OWES THE SPICES HERE?"



"AVERY WAS A MERCHANT WITH ONLY ONE DREAM... ONE THOUGHT WE BLASTED THE MERCHANTMAN, AND WHILE SHE WAS BURNING, HE BOARDED 'ER!"



QUARTER? WE NO QUARTER!"

QUARTER? WE'LL GIVE YOU QUARTER...

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES! BUT FIRE ALL DOWN!"



"THE LUST FOR LOOT DOES STRANGE THINGS TO MEN. WE STOPPED THE MERCHANTMAN AND LEFT HER A MONTH LATER IN MADAGASCAR. THE OTHER PRATICAL THING I LEARNED WHAT DROVE AVERY."



THE MOCHA FLEET? YOU'RE RIGHT! IT WOULD TAKE A DOZEN SHIPS OF THE LINE TO TAKE THE GREAT MOCHA TREASURE SHIP!"

MAD, PERHAPS, BUT WITH A MADNESS THAT SPELLS LOOT! LOOT SUCH AS YOU NEVER DREAMED OF!

YOUR TWO SHIPS ARE SLEEPS! SMALL SHIPS! FAST SHIPS! HAVE YOU EVER SEEN ANOTHER TAKE A FIGHT? THEY DRIVE HIM HARD!"



THE GREAT MOCHA IS NOT A FOX, BUT A WOLF!"

THE MOCHA FLEET CARRIES MODERN FIREWORKS TO JOKKA. FILLING ON THEIR WAY TO MCCATTAH THEY WILL BE PROTECTED BY FIGHTING SHIPS!"



GOOD! BUT I HAVE A PLAN! WILL YOU LISTEN, OR ARE YOU OLD WOMEN?"

"OLD WOMEN? THEY? AVERY COOED, AND THEY WERE MEN WHO LOVED GOLD AND GLITTERING GEMS. WE SAILED... THE CHARLES AND THEIR TWO SLOOPS, WE WERE THE HOUNDS... AND THE MOCHA FLEET WAS THE FOX..."



"THE CHARLES, FULL SAILED, THEN CAME FROM HER HIDING PLACE BEHIND THE ROCKY HEADLAND WHERE SHE'D BEEN WAITING, AND BORE DOWN UPON THE NOW UNPROTECTED MOCHA FLEET..."



"AND WHEN THE CHARLES WAS CLOSE ENOUGH, GRAPPLING HOOKS WERE THROWN, AND THE MOCHA SHIP WAS STORMED."



"FROM THEIR CANNON, THE TWO SLOOPS CLOSED IN ON THE FLEET ONE FROM EACH SIDE. THE SCOUTING PELICAN RETURNED THEIR FIRE, GIVING CHASE AS THE SLOOPS TURNED AND RAN FOR IT."



"HE WAS A STRATEGIST WAS AVERY. THE PELICAN WAS FAR OFF, AND THE MOCHA FLEET WAS HELPLESS. WHY HE PICKED HIS TARGET, THE MOCHA TRIFARVE SHIP, AND ATTACKED, CANNON FIRE AT POINT-BLANK RANGE, WHILE THE OTHER SHIPS OF THE MOCHA FLEET RACED FOR SAFETY..."



"THERE WAS GOLD... JEWELS... CARGO. THEY TOOK WHAT THEY WOULD AND GAVE WHAT THEY DID, AND AVERY DID NOT INTERFERE. HE WAS BELOW, HE'D TAKEN HIS FATE."





"A FORTUNE HE NEVER ENJOINED! THOUGH THE TALES  
WENT DIFFERENTLY! LONG BEN AVERY RETURNED TO  
ENGLAND, YES. BUT IN THE THIEVES' MARKET, IN LON-  
DON, HE LEARNED A BITER LESSON..."

"YOU WERE  
ASKING, AVERY?  
BEGGERS!"

"WE'LL NOT BOTHER WITH FOR-  
MALITIES! YOU HAVE HAD THE STONES  
I LEFT WITH YOU! ~~PAID~~! HOW  
MUCH WILL YOU PAY FOR THEM?"



"BEGGERS! I HAVE NO TIME  
TO WASTE! THE KING'S MEN  
ARE EVERYWHERE! I NEED  
CASH FOR FRANKLIN! I  
HAVE BARELY A SHILLING TO  
MY PURSE!"

"HOW MUCH WILL I PAY?  
WELL, NOTHING, AVERY!  
BEGGERS! I'M ASKING!  
AND THE STONES YOU LEFT  
WITH ME AS A BAIT?"



"A BAIT? BUT YOU INTEND TO  
ADD HEAVY FINGERPRINTS  
BEFORE I'VE SHILLED BETTER  
BLOOD THAN YOURS!"

"BETTER, AVERY! BETTER!  
WOULD YOU CALL THE  
KING'S MEN? WHAT CAN  
YOU NOT COMPLAIN TO  
THE AUTHORITIES? NO,  
I THINK NOT!"

"YOU ARE A FOOL, MY FRIEND!  
AND A FOOL, AND HIS LOSE  
ARE SOON PARTED!"

"BEGGERS!"



"THEY LEFT AVERY LYING IN THE  
MUD, FOR A DAY AND A NIGHT HE LAY  
THERE, AND THAT WAS THE BEGINNING  
OF THE END. AFTERWARDS, THERE  
WAS SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM... IN  
HIS HEAD..."

"THE IRONY OF IT, AVERY HAD  
DIAMONDS AND RUBIES, BUT HE NO  
LONGER THOUGHT CLEARLY. AND  
WHEN HE DID, WHO COULD HE TRUST  
HE THOUGHT HIS STRANGERS  
WENT OUT BY DAY."

"HE SAT BY THE SEA,  
DAY AFTER DAY,  
STORING HE GREW  
HAGGED! HE STARED!  
THAT WAS YOUR  
JOB! A KING, YES!  
A KING OF FOOLS!"

"AND NOW?  
WHERE IS  
AVERY?  
BEGGERS!  
DO YOU  
ABOUT  
HAVE YOU  
SEEN  
HIM?"







THEY'VE BEEN HERE SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE AND MORE IN THE LAND. YOUR KING IS IN THE MOUTH OF HELL. IN THE END HE GAVE HIMSELF UP TO BE PUNISHED FOR HIS CRIMES.

WORTHY A MAN LIKE THAT? BUT YOU ARE ALSO THE WORLD'S GREATEST LARF!



YOU'RE A BAR OF GOLD WHO CAN LONG BEH EVERY NO MORE THAN I KNEW HIM! ADMIT IT!

I CAN TALK WITH ANYONE I'VE TOLD YOU I'VE DON'T LAUGH AT ME! DON'T!



HE! AND I'M THE GROUND PRINCE IN DREDDEN? NO NO.

THE MAN HAD STOPPED BY THEN, THE GILL WAS SITTING, THE FORT THICK, LIKE THE WHITING MARCH WHICH FILLS A NIGHTMARE, THE CONFLICT FLED AND LARD AND GROWN.

AND WALKED ALONG THE DOORS TILL HE CAME TO THE BUILDING WHERE THE KING'S SOLDIERS WERE QUARTERED. HE HESITATED, THEN REMOVED A WORN BOULED LEATHER POUCH FROM AROUND HIS NECK.



NONE SAYING SMILE BACKY AND STEP TO THE DOOR. MORE CAN HIM GROWK, AND THEN ENTER. ALL WAS SILENCE WHEN THE DOOR TO THE LARD AND GROWN SPILLED LIGHT ONCE AGAIN INTO THE MURKY NIGHT...

LONG BERT? WHY HE'S PROBABLY LIVING ON SOME ISLAND IN THE WESTERN SEA RIGHT NOW. WITH SOME GOLD TO KEEP ON HIM AND GOLD GOING FOR A QUARTER BUT... IT WAS A GOOD LARF!

MY NAME IS BEN JAVY. I'VE COME TO GIVE MYSELF UP. I'VE COME FOR MY PUNISHMENT!



LONG BEN JAVY... GIVING FOR-SELF UP? THAT AGAIN? HE SPEAKS A SALTY LARF! THE OLD LARD!

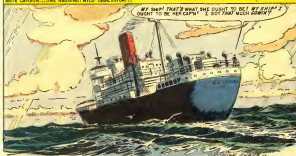


HA-HA-HA...



# THE SKIPPER

SHE'S LIKE UNDOILING GLASS, THIS SEA... LIKE THE BODOM OF A GIANT MAIDEN IN A GREEN SILKEN GOWN, BEATING HER EYES IN THE CRISP, BARE NOVEMBER SKY. THE RED-BLUE SKY ABOVE FORMS A BACKDROP FOR PERFECT CONTRAST POINTS THAT LAZE OVER THE DISTANT HORIZON... BUT YOU'VE NO CONCERN WITH SUCH POETIC TABLEAUX, RICHARD CARSON... YOU, WITH THE ANGRY TEARMAINS CLEARING YOUR EYES! YOU LEAN WOOLLY ON THE TAPPETAIL OF THE FORECASTER, FORTYFIVE STARING INTO HER COMING WAVE... YOU FEEL THE WINDFINGERS OF HER SKINNEE TUGGISH THE DECK PLATES BENEATH YOUR FEET, THUNDERING IN CHORDS WITH THE THROBBING IN YOUR HEAD... YOU'VE ONE THOUGHT, FIRST MATE CARSON... ONE NAGGING, WILD OBSESSION...



Aye, she's a trim sleek ship, this fortyfiver. She's new... and fast... deserving of a first-rate skipper... but that's not you, is it, Mr. Carson?



THE MERE THOUGHT OF HIS NAME DRAWS AT YOUR INSIDES. YOU SAY IT AGEN. YOU SHIT IT OUT BETWEEN CLENCHED TEETH...



YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE SKIPPER, HAVEN'T YOU, CARSON? AND ALWAYS, THERE HAVE BEEN OTHER MEN TO STAND AWAY THE REALIZATION OF YOUR DREAM...

THESE THINKING MEN? NOBODY CAN TELL ME THEY'RE NOT FIRED! "BUT THEY ARE!" AND THEY ANSWER WITH A LIE! "YOU'RE NOT QUITE RELIABLE, CARSON!" THEY SAY! "AFTER ANOTHER TRIP, IT'S ALWAYS ANOTHER TRIP! BUT THERE IS NEED A SHIP OF MY OWN!"



A SHIP OF MY OWN? OH, TO BE MASTER OF SOME BEAUTIFUL LINE THIS PORTFOLIO! TO STAND ON HIS BRIDGE AND KNOW SHE'S MINE! TO GUIDE HER WITH THESE HANDS! CRASH! IT'LL NEVER COME TO PASS! NEVER! THEY GOT IT IN FOR ME!



THE BURGERS HAVE FILLS YOU SCUMPER! AND THE SHIP PUTS THE SCUM OF PERFECTION! IT BLINDS YOU, CARSON, AND HERE YOU STUMBLE PORTFOLIO! NO ONLY TO HUNT IN RETURN.

THIS SHOULD HAVE BEEN MY SHIP! IT WAS! BUT IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, NO ONE WILL!



SO YOU START YOUR CAMPAIGN OF SPITE AND RAGE. AND YOU FEEL A BLOW OF SATISFACTION AS A SEAMAN BREAKLESSLY REPORTS TO CAPTAIN WENDICE...

IT'S THE PORTFOLIO, SIR! I HEARD THE CHAIN CLANK AND THE SPINNING OF THE CAPTAIN! BY THE TIME I GOT FORTH, WHOEVER DOVE IT WAS DOVE? AND THE ANCHOR IS GONE TOO, SIR?

WHICHEVER DO WHATEVER, HAMMOND? THE FAULT MAY HAVE BEEN WITH THE CAPTAIN ITSELF!



SO WHAT? I LOOKED UP OVER! SHE'S IN TOP-TOP SHAPE! NO SPECK OF RUST ON THE PARS TO KEEP ME FROM DROPPIN' INTO THE RATCHETS! I

THEN SOMEBODY WAS DOING IT! HAMMOND? I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IT WAS DOING THAT! IT'LL BE ALL!



SOON AFTERWARD, THEY FIND MORE TROUBLE. MORE OF YOUR HANDWORK, MR. CARSON? AND YOU CHUCKLE INWARDLY AT THEIR STAVE CONCERN...

THIS SHIP'S CLOCK? AN ANCHOR LOST... AND NOW BEEN SMASHED OR POPPED? WHY NO OTHER WAY IT COULD'VE HAPPENED?

WE CAN MAKE DO WITHOUT THE CLOCK AND WE'VE GOT SPARE ANCHORS! BUT WHAT WORRIES MR. CARSON IS WHAT'LL IT BE NEXT?



BLANDLY, YOU PROMISE TO KEEP A WEATHER EYE OUT FOR THE CLAPNET UNKNOWN. AND FIFTY MINUTES LATER, YOU'RE IN THE HOLD, SETTING ABOUT MORE MISCHIEF...

NOW, NOW THE CARGO'LL SHIFT TO STAMPS! HEAVY STUFF IT IS! SHE'LL LIST A-PLENTY!



THEN YOU WAVE... AND BY THE END OF AN HOUR, THE PORTION IS LEANING HEAVILY TO STARBOARD, IN DANGER OF CAPSIZING...



MUCH MORE OF A LIST AND SHE'LL PASS THE CENTER OF GRAVITY. CAPTAIN SHE'LL GO DOWN, AND ME WITH HER! I SAY WE'D BEST ABANDON...

WE'LL NOT ABANDON ANYTHING, CAPTAIN! I WANT EVERY MAN ABOARD DOWN IN THE FORD' HOLD! IN CENTER THAT CARGO!

THE MEN STRUGGLE WITH THE LOADED CARGO AND BLOWY THE PUMP ROOM IS BUILT. LATER, WHEN CAPTAIN MORRIS PAGES YOU FOR A BATH IN BED AT HIS BRASSER EXPRESSION, WHILE WEARING AN OUTWARD MARK OF INNOCENCE...



CARGO, YOU KNOW THE MEN BETTER THAN I? DO YOU KNOW OF ANYONE WHO'S DIFFERENT? I MEAN, MAYBE ONE OF TWO GOT A BROTHER AND...

HONK THAT I KNOW OF ANY! BUT IF I FIND ONE, I'LL LET YOU KNOW AT ONCE!

YOUR CENTS WORK CONTINUES. IN YOUR DOUBLE ROLE OF RESPONSIBLE OFFICE AND CREW... EACH OLD PROBABLY MORE DELIBERATE THAN THE LAST. AND NOW FIRST MATE STEWARD CARGO, IN THE FORWARD HOLD, THE DOOMING BLOW IS STRUCK



WITHIN MINUTES COMES THE MOST TERRIFYING CRY HEARD ABOARD SHIP... THE CRY THAT SENDS THE CHILL OF FEAR THROUGH THE BRAWNST OF MEN... THE CRY THAT FILLS THE DARK MISTY NIGHT WITH THE SOUNDS OF RUNNING FEET AND THE MUTTERING OF HOARSE VOICES.



FIRE... IN THE FORD' HOLD! FIRE! FIRE!

ALL HANDS ON DECK! BREAK OUT THE HOSES, START THE PUMPS! LOOK ALIVE, YOU MEN!

AS THE FLAMES RISE FROM THE WATCHES, CASTING DANCING SHADOWS OF THE DESPERATE FIREFIGHTERS, YOUNG IN SEARCH OF THE CAPTAIN



WHERE IS IT, CAPTAIN?

FORD' HOLD, SIR! I GOT THE MEN POURING WATER DOWN 'ER WITH EVERY HOSE ON BOARD. LOOKS BAD, SIR!



I'LL GET THE DECK, THAT'S A GOOD TRY TO BE SHIP! CARGO, ORDER THE WATCHMAN TO BRING 'ER STEER INTO THE WIND!

AYE, SIR!

AS CAPTAIN MACKIE RUSHES OFF TO DIRECT THE FIGHT AGAINST THE RAIDING FLEET, YOU STROLL LIBERALLY TO THE WHEELHOUSE TO CARRY OUT HIS ORDERS...



SO, I'M UNRELIABLE, AM I? NOT TO BE TRUSTED WITH A SHIP OF MY SIZE, IS IT? WELL, THEN, I'M THOUGHTFUL. YOU'LL RAFFER ME DISH-FORMANTY! YOU'LL RAFF!



SHE'S BEEN A GOOD LUCK BRAG THIS TRIP, HAS CARSON?

ATP, MACDONOUGH! AND WE'VE STILL A THIRTEEN MILES FROM PORT!



A THOUSAND MILES FROM A PORT WITH NO REFUEL, I'LL SAE TO THAT YOU BRITANNICAN DIS-SHOOTS HIM WITH YOURSIT AND YOU'LL HIGH AND MIGHTY MOVS! WHEN I'M THROUGH, YOU'LL WISH I'D BEEN THE FORTY-SEVEN DOGGER LIKE I OBEARS TO BE!

NOW, AS YOU SCAN THE FOG-SOUL SEA BEFORE YOU, A NEW PLAN FORMS IN YOUR ROLLING BRAIN...



I'LL TAKE THE WHEEL, MACDONOUGH! FOR SO LONG A WARD DOWN THE RIF!

BUT YES, SIR!

SLOWLY, THE STRUGGLING MEN ON THE DECK BELOWING THE FIRE UNDER CONTROL. YOU SMILE, CARSON. THIS WILL BE YOUR FINAL, CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT. YOU CHECK THE COURSE-CHART AND THEN...



IT'S ALL RIGHT, W'ASST! THAT WAS ONLY A WARD A PRINCE! A PRINCE FOR FORT! NOW!

A DENSE FALL OF SMOKE ENSHROOLS THE FORTRESS NOW, AS YOU MOOVE SWIFTLY AT THE COMPASS BOX BEFORE THE WHEEL.



NOW YOU'LL SEE, YOU HIGH AND MIGHTY'S BACK THERE IN YOUR PLUSH OFFICER! YOU LARDERHEADS SAYIN' WHO MAY AND WHO MAY NOT BE CAPTAIN OF A SHIP?

SLOWLY, THE COMPASS COMES LOOSE FROM THE BOX. YOU LIFT IT OUT, FEEL IN YOUR POCKET FOR WHAT YOU'VE BRITANNIC!



NOW YOU'LL SEE.

AND YOU USE IT. YOU DO SOMETHING TO THE COMPASS, AND THEN REPLACE IT IN ITS BOX.



NOW!

THEN YOU RESET THE COMPASS AND A WILD LIGHT SHIPS THROUGH YOUR EYES...



STEER YOUR SHIP NOW, CAPTAIN HARRY HADDOCK?

YOU STEP BACK AS YOU SET MACDOUGAL CROSSING THE DECK, RETURNING TO THE STEPS LEADING UP TO THE WHEEL HOUSE. YOUR MOUTH IS DISTORTED BY A HALF-MAD GRIM...



STEER YOUR SHIP STRAIGHT TO BLAIS!

A MISERABLE NIGHT, MR. CARRON! FOG AND SMOKE HANGIN' ON THE FOUR FOW LIKE A SHROUD! BUT WE'VE LICKED THE FIRE!



GOOD! YOU CAN TAKE THE WHEEL BACK, MACDOUGAL!

MACDOUGAL TAKES THE HELM. AS YOU START AWAY, HE CALLS AFTER YOU...



SHALL I BRING YOU BACK ABOUT, SI?

WET BRING Y' BACK, OR DROPPED, MACDOUGAL? BETTER! STICK CLOSE Y' THE COMPASS IN THIS FOG WITH NO STARS TO GUIDE YOU!

STICK BY THE COMPASS! THE COMPASS THAT YOU'VE MADE TO USE, CARRON! THAT'S YOUR PLAN, ISN'T IT? YOU KNOW THESE WATERS! YOU KNOW THEIR WILLY! YOU'VE CHECKED THE CHART AND FIED THE COMPASS! NOW YOU WAIT. YOU WAIT AN HOUR... TWO... KNOWING WHAT LIES AHEAD IN THE FOG-BOUND SEA...



GOOD LORD! AVERAGE SHOTS! ROCKS DEAD AHEAD! ROCKS! HARD A-STEM! ROCKS!

YOU WAIT, AND YOU ARE REWARDED BY THE BOY LOOKOUT'S CRIES OF WARNING. THEN THE GRATING, CROAKING THAT TERRIBLE CRASH AS THE PORTFACE MOMENTUM CARRIES HER JOLTINGLY FORWARD ONTO THE WALL—SHARP ROCKS...



YOU LISTEN, WITH GLEE TO THE SPINDLING THUNDERING CRASH... THE MISSING OF STEEL HULLS AND THE PIERRED BOLLERS... THE CONFUSED SCREECHES OF THE HELPFUL CREW... STARS! FINE ALONE THE PITCHED DECKS TO THE BRINKING LIFTBOATS...



ABANDON SHIP! ABANDON SHIP!

AND YOU FIRST MATE PICKARD CAGION  
YOU STAND CALMLY ON THE AFTER-  
DECK... BLUERING IN YOUR EYES FOR  
WARRANTAGE, WATCHING THE CREW OF THE  
PORTON JAM THE LIFEBEAT, LOWER  
ANCH... AND DRAPPEAN INTO THE FOG...



THE NIGHT IS OBVIOUSLY QUIET. YOU  
STUMBLE OVER HER TILTED BOOTS,  
WHILE THE DESERTED PORTON  
SLIDES PRECARIOUSLY TO THE  
JAGGED ROCKS...



AT LAST YOU FIND THE CABIN. HIS  
CABIN... MONROE'S CABIN. YOU ROCK  
THE DOOR IN... NO OUT...



YOU BURL YOUR FIRST MATE'S CAP  
ARISE AND PICK UP THE CAPTAIN'S.  
YOU THROW WITH EXCITEMENT OF  
A CHIEF OF AUTHORITY YOU  
PLACE UPON YOUR HEAD...



YOUR DREAM HAS COME TRUE,  
CAPTION! YOU'RE CAPTAIN, NOW!  
CAPTAIN OF YOUR OWN SHIP! AND  
THEN THE PORTON AS THOUGH  
ANSWERED BY YOUR AUDACITY,  
BOARS AND SLIPS SLOWLY SEA-  
WARD FROM THE ROCKS...



YOU GASH TO THE BRIDGE, LAUGHING  
AND SHOOTING, AS TOLD BY A  
FRET, SLIPS FURTHER AND FORTHER  
INTO THE FADING SEA...



YOU STAND ON THE BRIDGE, GIGGLING... SAYING... SEAT-  
ING YOUR GUEST... WHILE THE PORTON SETTLES  
SLOWLY... THE BRIDGE RUSHING THROUGH HER SHAT-  
TERED BOW, ACROSS HER DECK. YOU STAND BY THE  
RAIL, HELPING WITH A KIND OF JOE



AND, AS THE SEA WARNED ABOUT YOUR FEET HAD  
CLIMB TO YOUR KNEES... YOUR WAIST... YOUR WILD,  
TRIUMPHANT WORDS RING OUT INTO THE FOG... FOR NO  
ONE TO HEAR...





# FUR CRAZY

EVEN IN THE REMOTEST ISLAND VILLAGES, FRIGHTENED ESKIMOS SPOKE OF SASI MARKER IN PRAYERFUL WHISPERS, DREAMING THE TIME WHEN HE WOULD SWEEP DOWN ON THEIR HUNTING GROUNDS AND, WITH HIS RUTHLESS CREW, WANTONLY SLAUGHTER THE SEAL HERDS WHICH WERE THEIR MAINSTAY FOR FOOD AND CLOTHING. BUT SASI MARKER, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, WAS IN NO CONDITION TO DO ANY SWEEPING. HIS WHALER PILLED UP ON AN ICEBERG, HIS CREW DEAD... HE WAS DESPERATELY STRUGGLING FOR HIS OWN LIFE IN THE RUSHING, FROSTY, ARCTIC WATERS...



ONLY A MAN WITH MARKER'S BRUTE STRENGTH COULD HAVE SURVIVED THE PARALYZING SHOCK OF THE BEADING ARCTIC ICE. CERTAINLY THIS ASSAULTING COLLIER LIVED TO BRACE A BLAST BLOW... BUT HIS TORNADO CREW FORGET TO COME BACK TO WARM HIM, AS THE MOLLING FROST OF HIS VOICE RESOUNDED AMONG THE BLASTING ICEBERGS...

LIKE A STICKEN ANIMAL, HE CRAWLED INTO THE NEAREST ISLAND, SEEKING WARMTH AND COMFORT AND FOOD...



BUT THERE WAS NO FOOD, NOT A MORSEL, PRACTICALLY. MARKER STAMPOED THROUGH THE SNOW AND MOVED TO THE NEXT... AND THE NEXT...



THE WHOLE... HIS LARK? STRIPPED? ABANDONED?

HURRY! AND COLD, MARKER POSED AN EMPTY BLOOD AND, SAFE FROM THE BITING WIND, HE BURROWED UNDER A PILE OF FROTTING FURS, TRYING TO THAW HIS FROZEN BLOOD...



GONE. ALL GONE.

AND AS THE SOOTHING WARMTH OF THE FURS SLOWLY DROVE THE NUMBNESS FROM HIS LIMBS, DROWNSSES GRADUALLY OVERCAME HIM. A WORD... A NAME MISERICORDIALLY FROM HIS STIFFENED, FROZEN LIPS. MEMORIES STERRED HIS BRAIN. PARADES REPORT HIS COLLER EYES, LIKE WRAITHS FLEW FROM UN-MARKED GRAVES...

AND HE SAW HIMSELF IN ANOTHER DAY WHEN HE'D PUSHED OUT OF THE SNOW MOUNTAINS, BROKEN AND HUNGRY, INTO THE CRUEL SETTLEMENT KNOWN AS ANKAS...



... ANKAS... FURS... MONEY... GUS MARKER, HIS MAN, SEASONS... ANKAS...



WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR MARKER! THE GUTTY SWAN THOUGHT HE WAS FOR GOOD TO BE A FUR TRAPPER! HE HAD TO GET RICH QUICK? WELL, MARKER? DID YOU WANT YOUR STREET? DID YOU FEAR YOUR GOLD?

SHUT UP, REASON! ANOTHER SOUND OUT OF YOU AND I'LL BEAT YOU TO A PULP!



I NEVER DID LIKE YOU, MARKER! YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME THE REASON I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR!

WELL, REASON! I DON'T SHOOT! I'M CHARMED!

WHAT DID I TELL YOU, LADY? HE'S FELLAS!

... AND YOU'RE A...

... FOLK!

... ANKAS!





ANYBODY ELSE THINK HE CAN LAUGH AT HIS MARKING?

NO, JUST YEAH! YOU'RE ALL RIGHT!



YOU BET I AM! MAYBE I DIDN'T FIND ANY GOLD, BUT I AM COME ACROSS SOME-THING WORTH SOME OTHER GOLD! NEW HUNTING GROUND FOR SEALS, WITH BELLS LIKE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!



WHERE? WHERE ARE THE GROUND MARKS?

NOT SO FAST, LANDS! THAT'S MY SECRET!



I'VE PUT MY LAST DEAM INTO BUYING AN OLD BOAT. IF YOU MEN SIGN ON AS MY CREW, AND AGREE TO SPLIT THE TAKE SIXTY-FORTY, WITH ME GETTING THE FORTY'S SHARE, I'LL FARM YOU TO THEM! IF NOT, THERE ARE OTHER TRAPERS WHO'D BE WILLING.

NOT SO, BUNKER! BETTER THAN SIXTY-FOUR, YES!

YOU CAN GET TWO THOUSAND, BUNKER!



AND SO, A FEW DAYS LATER, THE SEAL HUNTERS SAILED NORTH, INTO THE MURKY FOG BANKS OF THE ARCTIC WATERS. FOR DAYS, WARKER GUIDED THE SHIP, HUGGING THE COASTLINE. ICE RIDGES MENACED THEM, THE COLD WAS BITING, FEAR AND DISCONTENT SPREAD AMONG THE MEN.

I TELL YOU, WE WERE GAY TO LISTEN TO HIM! SEAL HUNTING GROUND? WHY DON'T ANYONE ELSE EVEN FIND THEM?

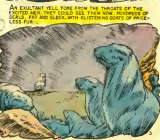
HE TOLD US! THESE ARE THE LANDS IN AN IMAGINARY PASSAGEWAY HE FOUND WHILE 'SPECTATING!



AT THE END OF TWO WEEKS, WARKER FOUND THE PASSAGE, AND THREE DAYS LATER, THE SEALS WERE SIGHTED.

THERE THEY ARE! LOOK, YOU SAY? HUNDREDS OF 'EM!

WARKER WARKER LET ME HAVE THE SCOPE.



AN EXULTANT YELL TONE FROM THE THROATS OF THE EXCITED MEN, THEY COULD SEE THEM NOW, HUNDREDS OF SEALS, FAT AND SLEEK, WITH GLISTERING COATS OF PRICELESS FUR.

IN A MOMENT, THE SHIP WAS A SCENE OF ACTIVITY AS THE HUNTERS PREPARED FOR THE KILL. CLUBS WERE HURLED OUT TO ALL HANDS, FOR SEAL BEING HUNTED IN A BRUTAL FASHION. A BLOW AT THE BASE OF THE SKULL, SLEW THE ANIMAL WITHOUT DAMAGING THE FUR AND THE SEAL, SO GRACIOUS IN THE WATER, WERE TOO CLUMSY AND LUGGERY ON LAND TO ESCAPE THIS DREADFUL FATE.

LOWER AWAY... AND QUIET, NOW



A CIRCLE WAS FORMED AND THE HUNTERS CLOSED IN ON THE SEAL.

CAREFULLY APPROACHING THE SWIMMING SEALS ON THE WINDWARD SIDE, THE HUNTERS QUIETLY ROWED ASHORE.

REMEMBER! HIT HARD AND SURE!  
WE DON'T WANT TO LET ANY SLIP  
THROUGH AND ESCAPE.

AYE, WE KNOW OUR  
WORK, MARRER



FOR HOURS, THE KILLING CONTINUED. WHILE SOME CLUBBED, OTHERS ON TRIDENTS OR SPEARS, SLEW THE SEAL.



KEEP THE BELTS AND  
THROW THE CARCASSES  
INTO THE WATER! WE  
DON'T WANT TO LEAVE  
A TRACE!

LOOK, MARRER! OVER THERE!  
ON THAT ABOL!



SILENTLY, STUBBLY, A BATTERED  
GROUP OF ESTIMATED 50000 WATCHING  
THE CARNAGE...

I AM YAKUT! I DO WHITE MAN'S  
SCHOOL! YOU MUST STOP! SEALS  
ARE MY PEOPLE'S FOOD! IF WE  
ARE WITHOUT SEALS,  
WE STARVE! YOU MUST  
STOP!

GET OUT  
OF HERE,  
KAKIMO!



WE ASK YOU! YOU HAVE  
TAKEN MANY FELT! LEAVE  
US FOOD! DON'T KILL ALL  
SEALS ON THE ISLAND!  
WHAT WILL YOU DO WHEN  
EATY STOP? DON'T  
KILL ALL OF HERE!

I SAID  
CLEAR  
OUT,  
KAKIMO!  
I DON'T  
CARE  
WHAT  
YOU  
EAT!



PLEASE! DON'T MARRY  
ON US! WE ARE NOT  
WARRIOR! ALL WE  
ASK IS FOOD! STOP!  
NOW! PLEASE!

ALL RIGHT!  
YOU ASKED  
FOR IT  
EATING!



MARKER PULLED HIS REVOLVER, THE OTHERS BACK OFF, MURDERING! HE RAISED THE GUN AND FIRED...



WITH SCREAMS OF TERROR, THE REST OF THE EXHIBITED FLEW.

"TART WON'T BE BACK TO BOTHER US! BACK TO WORK, MEN!"



"MAYBE WE OUGHT TO QUIT, MARKER. LET'S LEAVE THE POOR DEVILS SOME SPACE! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH FELTS! DON'T LIVE."

"WHY YOU CROOKED, HARTFORD DEADLINE! I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT TO LIVE AND WHAT NOT TO LIVE..."

"DANGER!"



AND SO IT'S BEEN, THE WANTON KILLING OF SEAL MEAT AFTER SEAL MEAT. AND WITH THE SLAUGHTER, EARN ERIKSMO VILLAGE HAD FOUND ITSELF WITHOUT ITS FOOD SUPPLY. SOON THE OLD WHALER, LADEN WITH FISH FELTS, BEGAN ITS HOMEWARD JOURNEY. BUT BEFORE LAND WAS IN SIGHT, A FURIOUS, SHARP, DANGER! IT WAS CARRYING THE SEAL...

WILLIAM! THE ONCE ARCTIC TORNADO THAT STRIKES WITH THE FURY OF A THOUSAND TORNADOES! SWIRLING, TEARING, SMASHING... THE HOWLING DARKSIDE WIND CAUGHT THE OLD WHALING SHIP, RIPPING AT HER CAIRNS, SHAPING HER SAILS, SHATTERING HER SEAMS...

"MARKER! WHAT IS IT?"

"LOD HELP US! IT'S A... A... WILLIAM!"

"GET AHEAD! GET AHEAD! IF SHE PUTS US WITH ALL THIS CANNON, WE'RE DONE!"



AND WHEN THE DEMONIAIC WIND HAD PASSED, AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD COME, IT LEFT BEHIND A SCENE OF MAYHEM AND DEATH...

THE OLD SHIP HAD COME APART AT THE SEAMS, POWDERED AGAINST AN EXPLOSION... AND MORE. THE CREW HAD GONE DOWN WITH HER. ONLY MARKER HAD SURVIVED THE FROST ARCTIC WATER...



HE LAY NOW IN THE ISLAND BENEATH THE ROTTING PLANKS... THE WOUNDS FIDGING WITH HIS STRENGTH HE WONDERED HOW LONG HE'D BEEN LYING THERE. HE WAS SHAKING, EAGERLY OF THE CAVE'S SHARP FLAMES OF ALKALI DRIVING AT HIS BONES. HE STARED



HE FELL UPON HIS KNEES THEN, AS YAKAK HAD DONE, BOWING TO THE WIND AND THE EMPTY, DESERTED ISLAND.



PLEASE... JUST ONE MORSEL... OF FOOD... JUST A LITTLE FOOD.

AND THEN HIS WILD BOWING EYES SAW THEM ON THE SHORE... WASHED UP BY THE ARCTIC WATERS, FRAGMENTS OF THE WOOD, CARVED, BONES, A DESPERATE SNAKE OF HIDE OVER WHIMLED HIM.



THE SHIP'S SUPPLIES? DRIFTED ASHORE? IN SAVED, SAVED.

AND AS HIS WEARIED FROZEN FINGERS CLANGED AT THE CLIPPES AND DIPPED OPEN THE BOXES, HE KNEW THE ANIMAL, ANIMAL TRUTH.



REAL PELT? NOTHING BUT REAL PELT!

HE STUMBLERED FROM THE ISLAND, BARELY ABLE TO GRAB HIMSELF. HE UNDERSTOOD NOW THIS WAS YAKAK'S VILLAGE... ON ONE OF THE VILLAGES THAT HAD DEPENDENT UPON THE SEAL, HERDS FOR FOOD. THE SEAL HERDS THAT WLD BE ONLY SLAUGHTERED.



HUNGRY GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING TO EAT.

SUMMONING HIS LAST DANCE OF STRENGTH, MARKER STUMBLER THROUGH THE SNOW.



SAVED.

YES, NOTHING BUT SEAL SKINS... RICH SLIDE FELTS FROM WHICH EVERY LAST VESTIGE OF ME, I HAD BEEN CAREFULLY SCRAPED, AND WAS MARKER SUD- DENLY KNEW THAT HE, NOW, FARED THE SAME FATE THAT THE ROTTING VILLAGE HAD FACED. STARVATION! ONLY, FOR HIM, THERE WAS NO ESCAPE.



THE END

**YOU'LL MEET ALL OF THESE CHARACTERS...**



**IN E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS!**

**LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!**  
(THE MAGS... NOT THE CHARACTERS!)

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES, FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO:

ENTERTAINING COMICS  
ROOM 706  
225 LAFAYETTE STREET  
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

END

 WNET**▶ EXTRA**☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS☐ AIDS HIGH

**PRACY**

☐ INCREDIBLE

**CLINIC**

PLEASE SEND ME EIGHT ISSUES OF THE "NEW  
DIRECTION" MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED! I  
ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00) FOR EACH  
SUBSCRIPTION.

[illegible]

## References

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**Abstract**

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# SAILOR FOR QUEEN BESS

Out of the mists came the great ships of war, that day in 1588, when the King of Spain had gathered the most powerful fleet in history to sweep the British from the Channel and pave the way for a land invasion of the British Isles. To oppose the Great Armada were only a handful of ships manned by hardy British mariners and commanded by a slight, bearded man named Francis Drake.

Anxious watchers scanned the Channel for signs of the invasion fleet and coastal dwellers prepared to flee inland, for, according to the reports, no force on earth could stand against the overwhelming power of the Spanish. Men dug trenches in the fields and prepared to die fighting for their homes and families, while fear gripped the British Isles. But there was no fear aboard the frigates and barks that made up the English Navy. These men had come to grips with the Spanish before. They had driven the King of Spain's ships from the wide Atlantic, from the calm Pacific, from the peaceful Caribbean. They had raided his treasure chests and store houses. These bold Englishmen had truly singed the King's beard. Only the year before, with thirty small ships, they had sailed into the harbor of Cadiz and there had burned ten thousand tons of shipping, right under the guns of the fortress guarding the harbor mouth and had escaped without losing a man or a ship.

The British had something more valuable than frigates and cannon on their side. They had Sir Francis Drake, the greatest sailor of his time, who had taken his ship "The Golden

Hind" all around the world. He also won fame for his daring tactics as a privateer. He sacked and plundered every major Spanish port in the New World and captured the shipping and gold on galleons headed for Spain on all the known shipping routes. It was this man who commanded the defending British fleet as the Armada hove into view.

Legend has it that Drake was ashore, bowling a game of duck pins when the alarm was given. As his officers nervously glanced seaward, Drake is supposed to have insisted on finishing the game before he gave the word to board ship and sail to meet the enemy. There is no proof of this—but there is plenty of proof as to the way Drake handled the Armada. The cumbersome Spanish frigates had trouble maneuvering in the treacherously rough waters of the English Channel—but, the faster, lighter British ships responded to the helm beautifully. In a matter of minutes, the big ships of the Armada were burning as the British poured shot into them, firing with uncanny accuracy. In fact, the enemy was so fear stricken that the flagship of the Armada, captained by one Don Pedro de Valdez, struck its colors as soon as the captain learned that Drake was commanding the enemy, so awe-inspiring was Drake's reputation.

However, his brilliant career ended under a cloud. With Sir John Hawkins, he led an expedition against Spanish possessions in the West Indies. After an argument with Hawkins, Drake died aboard his own ship under mysterious circumstances.



# SOLITARY

ONLY TWO OTHER LIVING MEN KNEW THE UNFUL SECRET THAT HAUNTED CAPTAIN JONATHAN WARE, MASTER OF THE SCHOONER HARKNESS, FLYING THE SOUTH PACIFIC TRADE ROUTES. FOR ALL OUTWARD APPEARANCES, WARE WAS A HARD MAN, A TIGHT SHIP WHICH HE RULED WITHOUT MERCY, METING OUT CRUEL PENALTIES FOR EVEN THE SLIGHTEST INFRACTION OF HIS RULES. BUT UNDERNEATH, JONATHAN WARE WAS A FRIGHTENED MAN, AND THE ONE THING HE FEARED ABOVE ALL ELSE WAS BEING ALONE. PERHAPS THAT IS WHY HE FOUND IT A MOST EFFECTIVE PUNISHMENT FOR OTHERS...



WARE, YOU'LL LEARN YOUR LESSON, HARK, NOW THAT STILL HAVE EIGHTY-SEVEN TONS ABOUT IT! HOSSEY TALKS MURDER ON MY SHIP! IF YOU'RE LONELY, YOU MIGHT COME ADRIFT ON SOME CORAL REEF BEFORE YOUR FOOD AND WATER RUNS OUT!

AYE, AN' THEN WHAT? MARCOONED ON SOME CORAL ISLAND, WITH HARKY A SHIP ALLEEN AN' NO HOPE OF BEIN' RESCUED? TIS A JUMP FARTER!

LONELY HARKS IS ON AN' WHAT'S HE SAYIN'?



AS THE LONGBOAT WAS CARRIED SWIFTLY AWAY FROM THE SCHOONER, HARKY SHOUTED HIS BATHING, WHICH DRIFTED FAINTLY ACROSS THE WAVES.



AN, TIE THE  
PORT, W' LADS?  
A WINE PIT FOR  
A KID? I  
AN' WAST'N THE  
MATTER WITH  
FOUR, GERTY?

I... I WAS THINKIN'  
ABOUT POOR SARAH,  
OUT THERE... ALONE  
WITH THE WIND AND  
DEAD! CAN'T, NABBY  
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE  
BEEN SO HAZARDOUS  
IM?

[illegible]

CAGED? THERE'S NO ABANDONING WITH HIM WHEN HE'S LIKE THIS! I'M GONNA COOL OFF IN A WHILE!

WELL, YOU'VE BROKE! YOU'VE BREAK  
BROKE! YOU'RE GOIN' SOMEONE AT THE  
FIRST FOOT WE HIT! WELL, SEE WHAT  
GOIN' OFF IN A WHILE! GET OUT! OUT!

**CATES? HIGGINS? WHERE ARE YOU?**



**WE'RE HERE, CAPTAIN! IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT!**

**HELP ME, BOB! HELP ME!**

**GET HIM BACK IN THE CABIN BEFORE ANY OF THE CREW SEES AND LIKE THIS!**



**HIGGINS? CATES? HAVE 'EM STOP! I HEAR 'EM! THEY'RE SHAKING! THEY'RE SCREAMING! HEAR THEM CALLIN' ME! PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE! HAVE 'EM STOP! MAKE 'EM GO AWAY! DON'T LEAVE ME! I'M AFRAID! I'M AFRAID! I'M ALONE!**



**ALL RIGHT, JONATHAN! IT'S ALL RIGHT! HUSH, NOW! HE AN' BENNY ARE WITH YOU! YOU'LL NOT BE ALONE! WE'LL NOT LEAVE YOU ALONE! WE WE CAN'T! WE'RE TIED UP WITH THE SAME WOOLLY SPINNA! SOUND BY THE SAME SONG! YOU AN' ME AN' BENNY!**



**AYE, WILLI! WHAT SHOCKS MUST HAVE BEEN UPON US TO HAVE DONE THAT UNWEL... UNWEL THING! WHEN THE WALKING WHEN THE LIGHT FIRE... LEAVIN' THOSE POOR DEVILS TO THE FLAMES AND THE OPEN SP... WHILE WE THREE TOOK T'HE ONLY LONG-BOAT AND ESCAPED! SAVIN' OURSELVES... AND LEAVIN' THEM TO DIE!**



**AYE, BENNY, AND THAT UNWEL... UNWEL DEED HAS FORCED A CHAIN T'WARRING US... EACH T' THE OTHER! AN' LEAVIN' T'HE ALONE... EVEN FOR AN HOUR, LEFT T'HE WHOLE THING COME BACK T' THEM AND DRIVE HIM MAD!**



**WE'RE LOST, JONATHAN! WILLI! WE'VE LOST! EACH CREATLY STUCK ON ANOTHER! THE THING WE DID WAS WORSED US OF OUR SOULS!**



**NONE OF THAT, NOW, JONATHAN! YOU'D BEST BE GETTIN' SOME SLEEP!**

**YOU'LL LEAVE THE CAPTAIN? YOU'LL BE ON HAND IF I NEED YOU?**

**AYE, JONATHAN! ONE OF US WILL BE HERE! YOU'LL YOUR JOB! NOW, GO TO SLEEP!**



**HE'S IN A BAD WAY, ADEN! I'M AFRAID THAT IF HE'S LEFT ALONE, THERE'S NO KNOWIN' WHAT HE MIGHT DO!**



**OR IF HE DON'T GUARD HIM THROUGH THE NIGHT, ONE OF THE POOR'SLE HANDS MIGHT TRY SOMETHIN'!**



THE ADDRESS FLOWED THROUGH THE WHITE-CAPPED WAVES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC, WITH A GUILT-RIDDEN CAPTAIN FOR ITS MASTER. AMONG STORM CLOUDS GATHERED IN THE SKY TO THE SOUTH, SO DID ANOTHER KIND OF STORM GROW DARKLY BELOW DECKS, IN THE POLICE.

1. NAME OF FIRM OR INDIVIDUAL  
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 4. STATE  
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HELD YOUR BREATH, YOU  
WOULDN'T DON'T YOU KNOW  
WHAT HE SAID TO THOSE  
WHO COMPLAINT RINGS  
BUT HEARD IT



WE CAN DO NOTHING IF WE  
STICK TOGETHER! WE'VE  
GOT A GUN MAN FOR A CAP-  
TAIN! HAVE YOU HEARD  
THE REPORT OUT AT NIGHT?  
AND THOSE TWO STAYED IN  
THEir CELLS AND DROPPED  
AND WERE SHOT DEAD!

WARRIOR CREATES THE  
FIGHTER. WE ARE NOT  
DOERS. WE ARE THE  
MILL. NOBODY CREATES  
I SAY FARE THEE  
THERE ARE A GROUP  
OF US WHO KNOW HOW  
A SHIP SHOULD BE



BUT AT THAT  
MOMENT, A CRY  
CAME FROM EAST-  
HEAD.

**TYPHOON!** THE SCOURGE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC!  
THE BLACK, FUNNEL-SHAPED CLOUD THAT SPILLED  
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO ALL IN ITS VICINITY  
FROM THE PACIFIC SPILLING OF THE BOMBING  
FIRE MIMLED WITH THE HOWLING CRIES OF THE  
NEW AS THEY POURED TOPSIDE.

THE DANGER OF THE MENACING TYRHOON PROVE ALL OTHER THOUGHTS FROM THE MEN AS THEY SCRAMBLED INTO THE BOATS, THINKING NOW ONLY OF THE SHIP AND THEIR OWN SAFETY.

**TYPHOONS  
FIND PEOPLE OFF  
THE AIRLINE?**



WITH A DEMONICALLY SILENT, THE THUNDERSTUCK THE  
 HURRICANE WAS RAGED BY GIANT WAVES AND LASHING  
 RAIN, MADE STUCK ON THE DECKTOP WITH HISSING  
 AND CRACKLING, AND LASHING, CRACKLING

SUDDENLY, A MOUNTAIN OF WATER ENGULFED THE SHIP, SWEEPING THE QUARTERDECK, SUCKING THREE OF THE FOUR MEN IN IT INTO ITS ROLLING MAW.

ATP, 0.01M



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**FEM**

100

CAPTAIN JONATHAN WADE STARED AT THE WATER-SOAKED DECK AROUND HIM...



...AND IT WAS AS IF THE SCREAMING WIND ROULED HIM WITH LAUGHTER! AS THE WILD-DEVS WAGED REALIZED...



BUT THE CAPTAIN HAD NO ORDERS. HE CLIMB TO THE GUNWALE, HOBBLING SOFTLY.



AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD COME, THE TY-HOON RAGED ON THE DECK OF THE MAUTILLS BATHING, EXHAUSTED, AROUND THEIR BARRELLING, INCOHERENT CAPTAIN.



LATER, IN THE PYCNOL, A BARREL-HEAD KANGAROO COURT HELD A QUICK TRIAL AND A VERDICT WAS REACHED...



THAT NIGHT, JONATHAN WADE CREEPT FROM HIS LONELY CABIN TO THE DECK AND LOWERED A LONGBOOT.



AND SO, JONATHAN WADE SET HIMSELF ADRIPT. (CMT. IN HIS WILD FEAR!) LOOKING FOR HIS STORM-WASHED COMMANDER'S SQUADRON IN THE OPEN SEA...



FOR GAVE, THE WEE-FED MAN DRIFTED AIMLESSLY, KICKING IN HIS DELIRIUM. AND THEN, AS THE TERROR PAST, AND THE WILL TO LIVE GREW STRONG, SOMEBODY, WHO BELIEVED THE SPIKE OF GUILT HE NEEDED TO UNDERSTAND HIS "LIGHT," FINALLY, ON THE EIGHTH DAY,



HE STUMBLERD ABOARD... TO A LIMPID, CRYSTAL-CLEAR POOL. WHERE HE SPRAWLED IN EXHAUSTION AND DRANK HIS FILL.



BUT SUDDENLY, A MOVEMENT CAUGHT HIS EYE...



THE ROLLING BREAKERS CUGHT THE LONGSHOT AND BULLED IT TOWARD THE DESERTED BEACH, SMASHING IT AGAINST THE CORAL REEF, AND THROWING WIDE CLEAR.



CHUCK WAKE?



THE REDDY SEALMAN TOSSED HIS OLIN TO THE SAND AND TURNED AWAY.

NO, CAPTAIN HAYES'S GUNNERS KILL YOU! BUT I CAN LEAVE YOU TO SUFFER THE FATE YOU FORCED ON ME! I'M LEAVING THIS ISLAND, CAPTAIN!

LEAVING? B-BUT, NOW?



YOU FORGOT, CAPTAIN? YOU SET ME ADrift IN A BOAT? I STILL DON'T SEE IT! AN' NOW, I'M GOIN' T' ASK IT! I'M LEAVING! YOU WHEE? I'M TAKIN' MY CHANCES WITH THE OPEN SEA AGAIN!

NO, HAYES? NOT DON'T GO? GO?



THE PALM TREES ON THE DESERTED SHORE WHISTLED IN THE TROPIC BREEZE, FROM FAR OFF IN HIS MEMORY, HAYES HEARD FLIGHT SOUNDS.

DON'T LEAVE ME, HAYES!



THE SOUNDS GREW LOUDER, NOW, AS HAYES WATCHED THE LITTLE BOAT SOB OUT OVER THE INCHING WAVES...

DON'T LEAVE ME ALONE, HAYES!



AND THEN THE BOAT WAS GONE, AND THE SOUNDS WERE ALL AROUND HIM NOW, THE SOUNDS OF PEOPLE SCREAMING.

COME BACK, HAYES! COME BACK!



BUT HAYES DID NOT COME BACK. THE ONLY THING THAT CAME BACK TO JONATHAN HAYES WAS AN AWFUL MEMORY OF A SINKING SHIP.

NO?



AND JONATHAN HAYES WAS ALONE... WITH HIS MEMORIES... AND HIS CONSCIENCE...

N-NO. SOB, SOB...



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